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 \*\* THE  
 \*\* POCKET  
 \*\* ARMENIAN  
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#9 Jamaica, NY December 22, 1974

1974FM (PA1)

Hyperspace

TIME STANDS STILL, SHORTLY

After a rather confused mess, it turns out that Austria's build of A Vie will be allowed. We sent postcards to all the players informing them of this. The one sent to Wayne Gildroy was returned. So: until we know that all players have been informed of this, the game will wait. In the meantime, Gildroy's address from 12/14/74 to 1/4/74 will be: Box 302, Roundup, Montana 59072.

If it is at all possible, we will run S03 xerox and then print S03 and F03 next issue. If we can...

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 1974GH (PA2) Spring 1902

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE LANDS;  
 BUT WHOSE SIDE IS IT ON?

AUSTRIA (Gilinsky): F Gre-Ion, A Tri-Ven, A Vie-Gal, A Gal-Ukr,  
 A Rum S A Gal-Ukr  
 ENGLAND (McMullin): F Edi-Nth, F Nwy-Nrg, A Wal-Pic, F Eng C A Wal-Pic  
 FRANCE (Adams): A Mar S A Par-Bur, A Par-Bur, A Bre-Par, F Spa(sc)-Mid,  
 A Por-Spa  
 GERMANY (Gillespie): A Ber-Sil, A kie-Ruh, A Mun-Bur, A Bel S A Mun-Bur  
 A Den-kie, F Hol S A Bel  
 ITALY (Kelly): A Pie-Ven, F Tyh-Lyo, F Rom-Tus, A Tun H  
 RUSSIA (Zimmermann): A Mos-Sev, A Ukr S A Mos-Sev, A War S A Ukr, F Swe-Fin  
 TURKEY (Penn): F Sev-Bla, A Arm-Sev, A Bul H, A Con S A Bul, F Smy-Aeg

Greg Costikyan's tel # is 212-MU8-0829. Fall 1902 moves are due noon Saturday January 11, 1975.

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 1974GU (PA3) Fall 1901

ROYAL NAVY MOVES IN ON SKAGERRAK AND KATTEGAT

AUSTRIA (Bennett): A Bud-Ser, F Alb-Gre, A Tri-Vie  
 ENGLAND (Fox): F Nth-Ska, A Ed-Nwy, F Nrg C A Edi-Nwy  
 FRANCE (Malmquist): A Spa-Por, F Mid-Spa(sc), A Bur-Bel  
 GERMANY (LaWhon): NMR. Has A Kie, A Ruh, F Dem. Will Ron Kelly  
 (210,225 Virginia Ave SE, Wash. DC 20061) standby. Sorry...  
 ITALY (Weswig): A Apu-Gre, F Ion C A Apu-Gre, A Ven-Tri  
 RUSSIA (Nekorchuk): F Bot-Swe, F Sev-Bla, A Ukr-Sev, A Gal-Rum  
 TURKEY (Rosenzweig): A Bul S AUS F Alb-Gre, F Ank-Bla, A Arm-Sev

SUPPLY CENTER OWNERSHIP:

AUSTRIA: Vie, Ser, Gre, Bud, ~~Ty~~; BUILD ONE  
 ENGLAND: Edi, Liv, Lon, Nwy; BUILD ONE  
 FRANCE: Mar, Par, Bre, Por, Spa, Bel; BUILD THREE  
 GERMANY: Ber, kie, Mun, Den; BUILD ONE  
 ITALY: Rom, Nap, Tun, Tri; BUILD ONE  
 RUSSIA: Mos, Sev, War, StP, Rum, Swe; BUILD TWO  
 TURKEY: Con, Ank, Smy, Bul; BUILD ONE //WINTER 01 DUE noon 1/11/75

THE POCKET ARMENIAN  
c/o Scott Rosenberg  
182-31 Radnor Rd.  
Jamaica, NY 11432

Editors: Scott Rosenberg  
Adam Kananof  
Greg Costikyan  
Matthew Diller

\*\*\* THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy & related & unrelated matters. Subs are 8/\$2. Game fee is \$6.50, includes a sub as long as you're in the game. TPA is published every third Sunday, each issue running twelve to eighteen pages. We welcome contributions, paying four free issues for contributions that run a page, two for less. We give blanket permission for anyone to reprint anything as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Back issues (#s 1,2,3,5,6,7,8) are available at 30¢ each. Diplomacy was invented by Allan Calhamer and (c) by Games Research Inc.

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#### OPENINGS DEPT.

We have openings in one more regular Diplomacy game at \$6.50 a spot, and Postal STOCKS AND BONDS at 5¢ a turn, minimum of 10 turns, plus sub or trade.

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Chess Variants, (continued)

VICTORY CONDITIONS: Black must move his pawn onto any white-side square. White must prevent this from happening. NOTE: In order to prevent black from purposely drawing a game, a position cannot be repeated more than twice. If black cannot move, white wins.

#### BLITZKRIEG CHESS

Board: Normal  
Pieces: All  
Set-up: normal

RULES: White goes first, by making one move. Black then follows by making two moves in succession. From then on, each side makes two moves per turn. A player can move the same piece twice, or two different pieces once each. A piece can take a king.

VICTORY CONDITIONS: The king must be taken, not checkmated. Note, however, that it is possible for a check to occur where the king cannot move without going into check. In this case, checkmate does occur and the game is won by the checkmater.

Notes: This one tends to be quite an outrageous and quick game.

#### TIME-WARP GATE CHESS

Board: Normal  
Pieces: All  
Set-Up: Normal

Rules: All rules as usual, with one important exception. The two corner points on one side of the board (take your pick) are "gates." When a piece moves onto a gate, it has the option of appearing in any unoccupied square on the board. If a piece moves onto a gate, it may also remain there. If a gate is occupied, it cannot be used. A king cannot use a gate. A pawn can queen on a gate and appear somewhere else on the same move. A unit that starts the turn already on the gate (such as the castle at the start) may NOT use the gate. Victory conditions: usual

Right now, we see the IDA becoming enveloped in feuds and controversies which it cannot afford; if the IDA continues the way it is going, it will die.

The only way to save it is to totally depoliticize it -- that is, sever any ties it may have with any "cliques" or other organizations. It must then return to the status of a service organization. The moment it begins to tread in the area of government, it loses its footing.

This is the main plank in my platform for the election of At-Large Secretary in which I am running. Not only do I, practically, think the IDA cannot try its hand at active government, but philosophically I see no reason why either. The hobby has a game number system, it has an Archives, it has an Orphan Games Project, and so on -- what more do we need? Any further and the IDA will immediately be torn apart by regional feuds, internal power-struggles, and the like. The moment IDA has some intrinsic power, there will be people trying to seize that power. We must avoid this at all costs.

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I would like to take this opportunity to endorse another candidate: he is Edi Birsan, and he is running for IDA President. Although, as many of you have seen, Edi and I have had our differences in these pages, I nonetheless wholly believe that he is a man of principle, a man who will not stoop to politicking or other undesirable actions. He has shown this in his past term as president.

I also believe that Edi Birsan does not have his own interests at heart (as indeed very few people in the hobby do), or the IDA's interests at heart (which, alas, many candidates do, with an amazing lack of foresight); he has the hobby as a whole at heart.

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## CHESS VARIANTS

by Adam Gruen

Chess, the traditional game of western civilization, is, well, traditional. What I mean to say is, there are NO chess variants around anywhere. I do not mean the various types of openings for chess, I mean the actual game itself. Anyway, included in this article are variants which can be very helpful to you, if you're having trouble falling asleep at night. Read on!

The Dutch Pretzel (don't ask about the name)

I invented this one while sleeping through one of my more boring classes.

BOARD: One-half normal size, or a region 8x4 squares.

PIECES: 3 white pawns, one black.

SET-UP: The three white pawns set up on the last row of the board, either side. We shall call this the white side. The 1 black pawn sets up on the last row of the black side, anywhere he wants to.

RULES: Black moves first. A black pawn may move one square to any side except backwards diagonally. White only moves one pawn per move also, but may move backwards diagonally. The black pawn may not cross a "bridge", that is, the point in between two white pawns on adjacent diagonals.

(continued page 2.)

AUSTRIA: Ben Grossman, 29 E. 9th St., New York, NY 10003  
 CHINA: Dave Darden, 241 Cherry St, Farmingdale, NY 11735  
 ENGLAND: David Barlow, 107 Gladwin Ave, Leonia, NJ 07605  
 FRANCE: Adam Gilinsky, River Rd, Scarborough, Ny 10510  
 GERMANY: Arnold Proujanaky, PARK PLAZA HOTEL, 50 W 77 St, NY, NY 10024  
 INDIA: Eugene Prosnitz, 200 Clinton St, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
 ITALY: Mike Honig, 1494 E 96th St, Brooklyn, NY 11236  
 JAPAN: John Weswig, 2115 NW Elder St, Corvallis, Ore. 97330  
 RUSSIA: Bob Eisen, One David Lane, Yonkers NY 10701  
 TURKEY: Drew McGee, 7 Pomeroy St, Allston MA 02134

All players are receiving maps with this issue, except for those whom I know already have maps. The GM is Matthew Diller, 8507 Avon St, Jamaica, NY 11432. As is our custom, we will allow six weeks for the initial negotiations. Therefore, Spring 1901 moves are due noon 2/1/75. This game's house number is "YV".

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NUMBER FOUR BEGINS"-- PA4:

AUSTRIA: Mike Honig (see address above under ITALY in YV)  
 ENGLAND: Curt Denhart, 93 Ordale Blvd, Pittsburgh, PA 15228  
 FRANCE: John Brennick, 192 Curtis Ave, Stoughton, MA 02072  
 GERMANY: Joe Griffith, 10 Revere St, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130  
 ITALY: Ron Keeping, 2308 Sunset Ln, Henderson, Ky 42420  
 RUSSIA: David Malmquist, 75 E. Wayne Ave. W702, Silver Spring, MD  
 TURKEY: Will McCullam, Fairmount Rd, Newbury, OH 44605 /20901

Gamemaster is Greg Costikyan, 310 E. 50th st, New York, NY 10022  
 Spring 1901 moves due noon 2/1/75.

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WE FOUND IT ON THE DOORSTEP:

\*\*\* TPA Picks Up an Orphan

\*\*\* The number is 1973FC. The GM is I (Scott Rosenberg). The season is winter 1903.

AUSTRIA: Even. Has--; I'm not going to list positions; they're listed  
 ENGLAND: F London built. in the transferral  
 FRANCE: A Par, F Bre, F Mar built. sheet.

GERMANY: Remove F Hol

ITALY: NMR. By the house rules, dislodged F Tun is annihilated.

RUSSIA: Retreat F Swe-Bot; remove A War

TURKEY: Even.

Will Russ Nekorchuk (Apt. 203, 3000 Nottingham, St. Louis, MO 63119) please standby for Italy? (I'll send you a listing of the game's positions.)

Quite frankly, I don't know what the convention is with orphans, whether or not players are required to subscribe. I will put it this way: I will not require any of you to subscribe, but I would sincerely appreciate it, as our financial situation is not optimal at the present time.

Note that Turkey has A Gre & F Aeg, Not A Gre & F Gre!

Spring 1904 moves due here (Scott Rosenberg, address everywhere, tel # 212-969-3555 ) noon Saturday 1/11/75.

All players are being sent copies of the House Rules.

This game's house number is PA5.

What is all the shouting about? Surely in a game where six of the players portray monarchs and the seventh a President only because nobody in France could agree on which royal house should reign, democracy is not a serious rallying cry. While very little can be said for the absolute monarchs who blundered into the Great War, they did have a certain noblesse oblige that is absent on a consistent basis from the voting rabbles which replaced them.

Of course democracies are needed, especially after an especially bad experience with another form of government. As the Supreme Warlord of an absolute monarchy and empire, Winston Churchill, once said, democracy is the worst form of government save all others ever tried. So how do you have a democracy? Well, you have votes, elections, referenda, and plebiscites, lots and lots of them. And how do you make sure that these are valid, especially when the votes are taken by mail? Fortunately, democracies have been around long enough that this much is known: either the voter signs in in person at the polling place, or he signs the envelope in which the ballot is sent. Democracy is not possible when an anonymous person can forge ballots. I personally find it absurd that people are publicly afraid that they will be driven out of the hobby, no matter how much they deserve it. Ostracism is a democratic procedure and fortunately this is not a democracy.

There are areas where voting is absolutely inappropriate. It is never actually appropriate, but we can try to ignore non-extreme cases. Democracy is, after all, the right of 51% of the people to vote the other 49% to death. Some people have noticed the problem I am about to attack, and you will no doubt hear more about this in the future, but I feel that the most dangerous blight on the postal diplomacy hobby is the virulent extensions of democracy known as the Beyerlein Player Poll and the Calhamer awards. THEREON, THEREFORE, WE, ROBERT EDWARD SACKS, IN ALL OUR OFFICES AND CAPACITIES, AND FOR OUR FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES, DO DECLARE PERPETUAL WARFARE.

GOD SAVE THE TSAR.

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To implement the foregoing declaration, all publishers and any other interested persons are invited to: a) submit a proposal for the name of one or all of the awards listed below; b) inform me of whether they will manufacture and distribute ballots and therefore wish to be informed of the nominations for the awards listed below; c) submit nominations for candidates for one or more of the awards listed below.

The seven most hated persons in the hobby  
 The worst publication  
 The worst new publication  
 The worst reliable-gamemaster  
 The least-reliable gamemaster  
 The worst single press release  
 The worst press release series  
 The worst regular game  
 The worst variant game  
 The worst variant design  
 The worst player  
 The least meritorious contribution((to the hobby, I'd presume))  
 The worst article.

Respond to:  
 Robert Sacks  
 15-F Tang Hall  
 550 Memorial Drive  
 Cambridge MA 02139  
 on or before 2/28/75

by Adam Kananof

"Kidnap the Saudi Arabian ambassador?!!!" said Paulson. "To hell with that. Come on." Paulson turned on his heel and began to walk back the way he and Gladstein had come. "Where are we going, Jeremy?" asked David Gladstein, who followed Paulson after throwing the remains of the tape recorder and photographs into the gutter. "To the nearest telephone," said Paulson, threading his way through the mass of demonstrators.

After a block of walking Paulson and Gladstein came to a lone telephone booth which possessed a line of potential users a block long. "We can't use that phone, Jeremy," said Gladstein, surveying the line. "Yes we can," said Paulson, and with that he walked over to the phone and began to slip inside just as the current caller was squeezing his way out. "You can't do that!" said the next party on line, a girl with brown hair and a white nylon jacket covered with Israeli flag patches. "I've been waiting here for half an hour!" "Official U.N. business!" replied Paulson, pulling out an old subway pass with his picture pasted in the upper righthand corner. "I'm Colonel Paulson of the U.N. Security Force, and this" said Paulson, gesturing towards his companion, "is my associate Major Gladstein. We have reason to suspect that a militant Arab group will attempt to stir up violence around the United Nations, and unless we can phone the FBI and inform them so they can have plainclothes agents sent to pick up these men, there could be serious trouble." "Well, O.K.," said the girl rather hesitantly; Paulson got into the telephone booth. After checking the coin return to insure that there was no money left in it, Paulson fished into his pocket and pulled out a ten-cent slug, which he then dropped into the coin slot.

He then proceeded to dial JDL New York's Special Espionage Section Headquarters, and quickly got connected to JDL NY SESH. After about a minute and a half, Paulson emerged from the booth, and walked back to where Gladstein was standing. "Well, Jeremy?" inquired Gladstein. "You-know-who says that it was all a mistake. Some mistake! Anyway, he says that we should meet him at the Chateau Richelieu in half an hour, and that he's got a better mission for us."

## CHAPTER II

Despite the feeble lighting of the Chateau Richelieu, Paulson noticed the Head of SES sitting in the corner as soon as he and Gladstein had entered. Although the SES chief was alone at his table, he was well protected, as Paulson saw, by four massive goons seated two each at nearby tables. The waiter who ushered Paulson and Gladstein in also escorted them to where the SES boss was sitting, and as the waiter left them Paulson gave him a quarter, which was greeted with a look of disdain. "Sorry," said Paulson.

They then sat down alongside the Head of SES, who began to speak to them. "Good to see you again, David, Jeremy." He paused a moment to adjust his false beard, which, along with his phony mustache, black trenchcoat, false sideburns, and wool cap, concealed his true identity. "I'm sorry about the U.N. thing," he continued, "but it was a mistake, pure and simple." "Mistake! I bet it was a mistake," thought Paulson. "At any rate, I have a very nice mission for you, on a tropical island." "Where in the tropics?" asked Gladstein. "Carribean," replied the SES chief. "A small banana-republic type place called San Sui."

"San Sui?" said Paulson. "That doesn't sound very Carribean." "It's not," said the head of SES. "The place was originally San Guano, but it's been getting very friendly with certain Japanese interests, hence the name. In fact, that is the very reason we want you and David to go there. You see, San Sui has a rare combination of climate and soil which is perfect for cultivating a new strain of giant Japanese wine grape. These grapes get to be the size of hen's eggs, on occasion, and consequently they yield massive amounts of juice. A single acre on San Sui can produce twenty times as much juice as an acre anywhere else."

"Very interesting," said Paulson, "however, what has it got to do with us?" He gestured at himself and Gladstein. "I'll get to that now. You see, a Japanese company plans to set up a wine industry on San Sui, for the purposes of capturing the kosher wine market. If this were to happen, the state of Israel would lose massive amounts of money on its wine industry, and we wouldn't want that to happen." "Israeli wine!" said Paulson disgustedly. "That's even worse than kosher steaks! Israel can't possibly sell more than a gallon of the stuff a year, except perhaps as a gasoline substitute. What's the real reason you don't want them to start a kosher wine industry on San Sui?" "Well, actually," said the Chief of SES, "it's because the government of San Sui refuses to have its grape crop sold to the Maniscewitz corporation for a great deal less than the Japanese intend to pay. In order to keep control of the market, the Maniscewitz Corporation has paid us to ruin the grape crop and destroy the vineyards on San Sui, rather than let the Japanese have them."

"How much are they paying you?" said Paulson. "Er, ah, well..." "How much?!" insisted Paulson. "Er, ahem, a million dollars." "A millino dollars!" said Gladstein, "Yes," said the SES chief, "that's a lot of money. Enough to bail Kahane out of the slam many times." "Well," said Paulson, "I think we'd be willing to undertake that job for you, in return for the customary sum of 10% each, which comes to 100,000 dollars apiece. Not including expenses." "I'll tell you what," started the SES Head. "You'll pay us ten percent each, plus expenses, or we don't work," interrupted Paulson.

"Let's be reasonable, Jeremy," said the chief. "I can get people who'll do the job for less money. Even free." "That's right," agreed Paulson, "But when Gladstein and I call up the San Suian ambassador and tell him that someone intends to destroy his country's grape crop, I don't think your budget CIA is going to work. In fact, I bet that the San Suian government is willing to pay for that information. I think they could scrape up \$200,000 to save their wine industry, with the help of their Japanese friends, of course." "Yes," concurred Gladstein, "I think they should be able to pay that amount." "All right, Jeremy, you win..." said the head of SES. "Half in advance, half on completion," said Paulson.

### CHAPTER III

The greasy motorboat wheezed its way slowly towards the approaching shoreline. Paulson was standing at the boat's bow, next to the ship's obviously-intoxicated captain, who would occasionally pick up a stained paper dixie cup from a metal holder on the ship's dashboard and vomit into it. Paulson was wearing a green cubano shirt underneath a black suit jacket, and a pair of black cotton pants, matching his jacket.

Gladstein wore an orange T-shirt which said "Let's Boogie" on the front in Dayglo lettering, a pair of sky-blue sneakers, and a pair of dark blue suede pants, and stood next to Paulson. "Look there, Jeremy!" exclaimed Gladstein, pointing to a large white yacht anchored far off, near the mainland. Paulson picked up his Korean binoculars and looked towards the yacht. As far as he could tell, people were jumping off the boat and into the water in full evening dress. "What do you make of that, Jeremy?" asked Gladstein. Paulson shifted his binoculars slightly towards the rear of the yacht and saw a group of black-suited men with machine guns, who were evidently the cause of the rather unusual nighttime swim. "Four guys there with machine guns," said Paulson. "They seem to be taking watches and money from the people on the yacht and then making them jump off, after they get the loot." "Yes," said Gladstein, picking up another pair of binoculars, "that would indeed seem to be the case. Do you think we should notify the harbor authorities?" "Ie'...me see dat" said the captain of the ship, who made a grab for Paulson's binoculars, missing by a large margin. "Take mine," said Gladstein, offering his binoculars to the captain, who got them on the first try this time. "Iiiiiiii, ahhh yuh. Yuh." said the captain, squinting through the binoculars. "Do you think we should tell the harbor patrol, Juan?" asked Gladstein, calling the captain by his first name. "No, defefefefinitelee not," replied the captain. "Why not?" asked Gladstein. "They are the harbor patrol. Heh heh heh," answered the captain, reaching for his dixie cup and starting to vomit on the boat's rancid-smelling floorboards. The dialogue was interrupted by a scraping sound as the boat ran over a marker buoy which had been tethered in the water.

#### CHAPTER IV

Paulson and Gladstein picked their way carefully through the dark San Suian rain forest. They had left the boat a little over an hour ago, along with Juan, who was sipping Liberman specials out of a greasy thermos bottle when they had abandoned him. (Note: a Liberman Special is a martini made with sweet vermouth. Sweet vermouth, unlike dry vermouth, is not colorless, and consequently, martinis made with it are brown.) Gladstein examined a map as he and Paulson walked. "The fence around the vineyards should be visible at any moment," said Gladstein, shifting his flashlight in order to better illuminate the map. There was a brilliant light visible just up ahead through the forest, and Paulson began to walk more cautiously. After a few hundred more yards he halted completely.

"Well," said Paulson, "there's the fence." The forest came to an abrupt end about forty feet from where Gladstein and Paulson stood. There was an open field extending for about five hundred yards, and then a huge, gleaming, stainless-steel barbed-wire fence some fifty feet high, illuminated by massive spotlights placed at intervals of about a hundred feet along the top of the fence. There was also a high steel guard tower with massive swivelling searchlights, and what looked like several automatic cannon. "I think getting into the vineyards may be harder than this map has led us to believe, Jeremy," commented Gladstein. "It doesn't mention any lights, guard towers, machine guns, or..."

"Tanks!" said Paulson, pointing to an AFV which was rolling along next to the outside perimeter of the fence.



"I think we should scrap this mission," said Paulson, who unslung the canvas web bag from over his shoulder and removed the large aluminum cylinder it contained. The contents of the cannister were a highly effective grape blight, guaranteed to destroy every single vine on the island, according to the chemical's producer, Bristol Meyers Laboratories.

Paulson took a hold of the red strap which protruded from the side of the cylinder and bore the word "Neutralize", and yanked firmly. There was a slosh and then a hissing sound, as the deactivating agent was released into the cannister, rendering the chemical harmless. Paulson flung the empty can into the forest nearby, and turned towards the fence again.

Suddenly a bright light shone directly in his eyes, and he found himself staring into the searchlight of the same tank which had passed by earlier, and which had evidently returned, for some as-yet-unknown reason.

TO BE CONTINUED, as we leave you hanging from the cliff,  
or tied to the railroad tracks, with the shrill whistle  
of the train heard distantly in the background...

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1974GU (PA3) PRESS

CONSTANTINOPLE (June 10, 1901): The Turkish Government vehemently denies the rumors that mass genocide was committed on helpless Armenians. This is totally false!! The Jew-loving editors of the fascist magazine, THE POCKET ARMENIAN (Ha, what a name for a magazine to have), are merely vassals of that well-known Nazi, Rudolph Valentino. Be outraged if you want but don't look at mommy's underwear. And remember, peach trees don't grow on ice. Be forewarned.

((Me? Jew-loving? Everyone at my school claims I'm anti-semitic. But let's all remember that Arabs are Semitic too. So most Israelis are anti-Semites. About the peach trees: no wonder mine didn't grow!))

EDINBURGH (3 October 1901): After the coronation of Rusty Prince Russell (now King Russell I), he announced that he would run for Prime Minister in the upcoming elections, these elections to be held on 22 December. He is the easy favorite.

In foreign affairs, King Russell I is very busy. Norway is now an English Protectorate. And news of the 2nd Fleets move into the Skagerrak is very depressing, as a war is coming closer and closer. That just might hurt King Russell I's chances of becoming Prime Minister. The official STATEMENT OF THE ARMED FORCES admits the hazardous condition, especially looking at Russia. Russia is defending herself against Austria and Turkey. The Turkish move into Armenia may mean no (YES NO!) gains in the South. But a war with THE RUSSIAN STEAM ROLLER (copyright 1879, patents pending) could mean we just might lose, and England NEVER loses.

#### A NOTE ON PRESS POLICY

The POCKET ARMENIAN does allow that form of press that has been called "black propaganda." That is, press submitted under one dateline from a player whose dateline it isn't. I received one complaint about this, and I will simply say that press is a creative tool, and, as such, should be taken cum grano salis as far as accuracy in terms of the game's strategy and tactics. Also, I apologize for some PA3 press last issue which was accidentally printed as PA2 press.

1) Roman Controlled Provinces: Gallia (6L), Hispania (1L), Italia (3L), Sicilia, Illyria (3L), Thracia (3L), Graecia, Cyprus, Asia, Syria (6L), Aegyptus (2L), Africa (1L). No active militia. Additional 4L in Britannia A (not controlled).

2) Persian Controlled Provinces: Persia, Mesopotamia, Armenia. All militia active. In keeping with THE POCKET ARMENIAN's heritage, double the militia allowance for Armenia. Fifteen Regular Points in Mesopotamia B.

3) Active Militia: Scythia, Dacia, Germania, Pictum.

4) Other forces: 4N Strength Points in Britannia A.

5) Treasuries: Roman 50, Persian 12.

6) Game Length: 500 Game Turns

7) Victory: The Roman Player wins if he controls Italia, Gallia, Hispania, Africa, Graecia, Thracia, Asia, Syria, and Aegyptus at the end of the game. ((Ed. -- a possible modification to this might be, "if the Roman player controls these all at once in any one of the last 25 turns." Otherwise, an otherwise-brilliantly-played game can be destroyed by one internal revolution on the last turn.))

8) Time Period: A. Game begins 67 AD. This is turn 67. Game ends, then, on Turn 567. This was done to make it easier to come up with the Special Rules Chart. So remember: the game begins on Turn 67.

9) Special Rules: The following changes are made on the turns indicated:

TURN 100: Persians lose one Regular Strength Point

TURN 175: Persians lose one regular Strength Point. Taurican militia becomes active.

TURN 215: Period changes to B. If Dacia is Roman-controlled, loses militia.

TURN 247: Persians lose one Regular Strength Point.

TURN 250: If Dacia lost militia Turn 215, regains it.

TURN 266: Period changes to C.

TURN 280: Romans lose two legion Strength Points. Britannia gains militia at half printed value. If Dacia is not Roman-controlled, gains militia.

TURN 290: Romans lose two Legion Strength Points. Gallia and Illyria gain militia at half printed value.

TURN 300: Romans lose two Legion Strength points. Thracia gains militia at half printed value.

TURN 310: Romans lose two legion Strength Points. Aegyptus gains militia at half printed value.

TURN 320: Romans lose two Legion Strength Points. Syria gains militia at half printed value.

TURN 332: Period changes to D.

TURN 345: Asian militia becomes active. Romans gain one Legion SP.

TURN 360: Thracian, Gallian, Illyrian, Syrian, and Aegyptian militia all become fully active. Romans gain one legion SP. Persians gain one Regular SP.

TURN 375: Period changes to E. Romans gain one Legion SP. Persians gain one Regular SP.

(continued next page)

TURN 390: Romans gain one Legion SP. Persians gain one Regular SP.

TURN 405: Romans gain one Legion SP. Persians gain one Regular SP.

-- Period changes to F.

TURN 420: Romans gain one Legion SP. Persians gain one Regular SP.

FROM NOW ON: every ten turns, roll die once for each province. If the die roll for a province is six, the militia in that province is activated. Romans lose one Legion SP every ten turns, Persians lose one Regular SP every twenty turns.

NOTE: When, according to the Special Rules above, it refers to Dacian or Taurican militia, it refers to them as Barbarian militia. Thus, the Romans may not conquer these areas and then use their militia to defend them. However, in all other cases where the rules refer to militia, they are referring to loyal Roman Militia. If the Romans do not control a province at the time of its activation-of-militia, the province does not gain militia, but does if/when the Romans reconquer that province.

During the special rules that apply after TURN 420, either Roman Militia or Barbarian militia may become active. If Roman militia becomes active in a province, and the barbarians conquer the province and hold it for ten years, the militia becomes deactivated, and you may roll to see if that province gains Barbarian militia. If you substitute the word "Roman" for "barbarian" in the last sentence, and vice versa, it still holds; i.e., the rule is the same for Romans and Barbarians.

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"In the latest in a series of promotions in the Nixon and Ford administrations which have brought him from Colonel to four-star general in less than six years, General Alexander Haig, former White House Chief of Staff, is in the process of taking over as Commanding General of NATO, neatly capping a career marked by a rise in rank which in terms of its rapidity and the numerous doubts surrounding it compares favorably with the Resurrection. Although he will not officially assume command until December 15, General Haig, whose only combat experience was a brief stint in Vietnam as a brigade commander and the Saturday Night Massacre, has already begun planning major changes in NATO military planning.

He is said to intend to put considerable emphasis on developing an elite staff of headquarters personnel capable of responding to aggressive Soviet actions with a barrage of stern memos and of producing a detailed talking paper on any Russian moves within twelve hours. As he confided to one aide, "We know who is on the enemies list in Europe," and he is thought to be ready to implement a massive effort at disruption and sabotage in the Warsaw Pact, the first aspect of which is likely to be a flurry of forged letters from Russian generals making ethnic slurs on Latvians, Poles, and Czechs. He is also known to feel strongly that Rudolf Hess, the Nazi war criminal who has been imprisoned in Spandau prison since the war, has "suffered enough", and will press the Russians to release him.

-- National Lampoon, JANUARY 1975

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\*\*\* Last weekend I attended the Harvard Model United Nations Conference (at which, by the way..., I won an award). I found most useful the ability to tell someone nothing while having him tell you everything which I learned in Diplomacy; lying facily without any pangs of guilt also helped...

LAURENCE GILLESPIE: ...As to your mothmen article, I found it an interesting idea for a game. I myself have only heard a little about them. All my information comes from sighting reports in Jacques La Vallee's book Passport to Magonia, and an old comic book. Thus, I rather doubt I'd be in possession of anything you don't know already, though you might check out some of the Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not comic books from 1971, if you were really desperate.

I've often thought of writing an article for your magazine, as it would give me a chance to see how the game ends once I'm wiped out, still, I'm not too sure what you'd consider in line with your editorial slant. I've written articles on UFO's, game reviews, and Dip. game analyses but at present I don't think I can write anything that would fit into the flavor of your zine. Still, I'm working on it.

((The reason why TPA may seem to have some sort of "editorial slant" is simply because we write all the material for it. This does not make us averse to the idea of different types of articles. Our own preference, as is obvious, is towards humor. We will accept anything, though, that we think may be of interest to our readers. So don't not write an article simply because you don't think it fits in with the zine's slant.))

And one or two things on your reply to my letter: While I don't want to go overboard nitpicking I do think there were certain areas where you may have slightly misinterpreted my points. But I'll get to them as I go along.

I found it quite humorous when you said, "If it were just a game, then why bother playing postally? Teach six other people in your area to play and play with them. It'd be cheaper that way too." Believe it or not, not everyone lives in a city of eight million people with probably about 200,000 potential and active wargamers living within twenty miles. ((It's more like 20,000, but that's irrelevant)) If you knew anything about the six months (almost) of organization and phoning I had to do to arrange an FTF game over here you would not speak so casually of "teaching six people to play". If there were six people in this area who had even the slightest potential of becoming active wargamers, I would have gotten to them long ago. How about sending some of those six over here? There are probably not enough postal players in the netire province to get together over one dip. game FTF! The two or three games I've played FTF over the past two years were brought together as a result of an incredible effort on my part, and, as I said before, about six months of phoning. ...But I won't go overboard on that subject, I just want some of you people to know that FTF opponents don't grow on trees...

But I suppose Diplomacy, if you want to encompass the whole cult system, is more than a game. Still, I'll never throw my life's energies into trying to hunt out microscopic and largely imagined injustices in its organizations and I would caution anyone else from doing so either. As for your comments regarding my attack on your press policy, I see that you are probably right in saying that I did get somewhat carried away there. I thought then and to some extent still think that you were overdoing your attack on my press and indeed everyone's press, particularly when the first press release of the game is not always the easiest to write, at least in my opinion, for you have to set the basis for any future series of the type. I disagree with your feelings about historical press, as I feel press, like literature itself, does not have to deal with humour or fantasy in order to be good, and I often find historical press most interesting

to read, though not necessarily funny. In fact, I think it is better for a beginning press writer to write bad historical press than to write poor humorous press, for bad historical press is simply boring, while press of the "sickie quickie" type is not only boring, but embarrassing and slightly disgusting at times. I don't think I've come across any poor fantasy press though (not that this means fantasy press is good press) that is simply because of my limited experience with zines like that. And as long as you attempt to refrain from violently attacking pieces on their grammar or historical merit, I can't quarrel with you. ((Our "attack" on your release was hardly violent, indeed hardly an attack.)) Correct the mistakes of course and, if you want, mock the writer's illiteracy in your own press column but please don't turn TPA into a spelling primer.

And one more minor point, when I said I do try to make press follow the more important rules of the English language, I meant that I would not give my press releases the same proofreading I would to a term essay or something like that. I never once stated that I just follow the more important rules and let the other ones go. I meant that I make a conscious effort to write correctly but I will not go to undue lengths to see that press is absolutely perfect in every respect, simply because I would not have the time, though I think my own limited knowledge of the English language would permit it to be unambiguous on the first reading or writing.

RAYMOND HEUER: (To Doug Beyerlein): Since last June, a period of over six months, the hobby has not been informed of the status of new and completed games which it is the duty of the Boardman Number Custodian to publish. As the official Associate Boardman Number Custodian, I abhor this failure to provide the Diplomacy community with information which it has a right to know.

Although you have been the custodian for several months, it is saddening to note that you have not communicated with me regarding my function as Associate Custodian. It is sad, not only because you are obviously in need of aid and have not availed yourself of my services, but also because your delinquency in fulfilling your duties may reflect upon me as the official Associate Custodian.

Consequently, because the Diplomacy Community's right to know cannot be disputed, I am forwarding copies of this letter to a number of publishers for immediate publication.

Also, according to the covenant by which I became the official Associate Custodian, it is my responsibility and duty to inform you, to wit: "Should the custodian fail to publish his statistical zine, currently called "Everything", within six weeks of the previous issue, the Associate Custodian shall write to the Custodian, requesting an explanation for the delay.

"If, for any reason, the Custodian does not reply within another two weeks, or if the statistical zine is not published within four weeks, the Associate Custodian shall assume all rights, titles, responsibilities, etc, of the Boardman Number Custodian.

"(Note that the Associate Custodian may, at his discretion, allow additional time, if the Custodian replies that the statistical zine is delayed because of personal illness, mechanical failure, or some equally good reason.)"

(continued next page)

If I have not heard from you within the required period, I will then become the Boardman Number Custodian and proceed to expeditiously fulfill all of the required duties.

((My personal reaction to this letter is that, while I don't think it would be a good thing for Raymond to follow through with this as its only possible result could be strife, I think his point about Doug not contacting him is a legitimate point, and one that deserves immediate attention. Raymod is still the Associate Custodian. My only reservation is that I am sorely troubled that some people will view this legitimate request for redress of grievances as some sort of power play, and will proceed to rant and rave against some imagined "conspiracy"(yes, once again...) trying to take over the hobby.))

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PA2 (1974GH) PRESS

(Somewhere in England, I'd Presume): I was working on the Sunday Times crossword when my roommate set aside his copy of Nature.

"Watson," he said, "we are about to have a most interesting visitor -- would you be so kind as to answer the door?"

I had heard nothing so when I threw the door open I was quite surprised to see a short, stocky figure clothed entirely in black. A hood covered his head, and shadowed his face so as to make him near-invisible; his coat reached to the floor. ((Goddamn it!!! sorry to interrupt, but I must apologize for the double-spacing; by accident I must have flicked the switch...)) He extended a gloved hand and shook mine, with a bone-crushing grip. Then he brushed past me into the room and sat down in the chair opposite Holmes that I had been occupying. As he passed by, I noticed a faint, unidentifiable scent about him, strange but pleasant.

I closed the door and was about to retire to my room, but Holmes stopped me.

"Watson, please stay -- this may prove to be a case in which I can use your assistance." He saw me eyeing the visitor, and smiled. "For a start, what can you tell me about our client? You know my methods...use them!"

I pulled up a chair and began to think about how to answer Sherlock's question. Surely, someone so heavily cloaked against a mild London day in June must come from a tropical climate, I thought. What little I could see of the man's features seemed delicate, perhaps Oriental, which agreed with his short height. My right hand still ached from his grip, so doubtless he is a manual laborer, perhaps a sailor from the East whose ship is docked in London.

I began to express the above deductions to Holmes, only to see his smile turn to horror and embarrassment.

"Enough!" he interrupted me, and then bowed low to our visitor. "Tsarina, please forgive my ill-mannered companion."

Our guest cast back her hood, shook out her hair, and began to unbutton her coat. It took me some moments to recognize her, but when I did, I covered my face in shame. Here was the heir apparent to the Russian throne, Tsarina Maria Romanovna!

I looked up again when Holmes' and her laughter at my expense had died down, and was shocked again! The Tsarina had taken off her

(continued next page)

coat, two sweaters, a blouse, a skirt, and was apparently preparing to remove what little else she had on. I had, in fact, heard lurid rumors of a nudist "Church of All Worlds" fad sweeping the continent, but heretofore I had put little credence in them. To see such a thing in my own flat, however, was more than startling.

"Holmes," I said, "This is not proper!"

"How so?" replied the Tsarina.

"Pardon him, Tsarina," interposed Holmes, "he is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature.

"In fact, Watson, you are right, though not in the sense that you meant. It is certainly improper not to make our guests feel at home!" As he said this, Holmes began to unbutton his shirt.

I will draw a veil over the struggle that went on in my mind at this point; had I left, none of the following would have been recorded. But I stayed, pulled together my courage and off my clothes, and heard the beginning of what was to become Sherlock Holmes' greatest and most difficult case, involving every Royal House in Europe, most of the Parliaments, and numerous commoners, in scandals so great that, should they be revealed within the next half-century, undoubtedly every government on the Continent would fall.

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-PA1 (1974FM) PRESS

LYON (2/16/03): The Roaming Reporter: News arrived today from the small Indian town of Kasmatudu off the coast of the Bay of Bengal that a stunning military victory was won by the French over the British there. Reports indicated that early on the morning of the 15th, some 2000-odd Frenchmen landed near the small fishing port of Kasmatudu, defeated the odd 352 British troops stationed there, and stormed into British HQ. The captured British commander, Sir John Felnorith, was quoted as saying, "Gadzooks! I take it this isn't a social visit!?" as his monocle fell with a resounding splash into his tea...

PARIS (3/5/03): France is at war with England.  
Germany is at war with England.  
England will die in gory.

PA2 (1974GH) PRESS

FRANCOPHILIA (1901): The goombah of Goomwash, a member state of the United States of United Anachronia and the Trekkie Republics, member state of United Departmental France, declared today that the Goomwash of Balrog was soon to be disengaged to his lovely daughter-fiancee, the verly lovely, Ms. Rita Mita Maid, of Hoboken, New Jawsey, a member state of Putrid Atlantica, a member state of Union of Slush of Amerigo Vespucci (get that one, Dave.) All in all, a happy bar-mitzvah to all, and, to all, a good night.

(NOTE: the above was a carefully coded message sent by the Evil Amaguensis, a member state of United Evil Geniuses of Whosis, Iowa. Signed Ouija, or however you spell it.)

182-31 RADNOR RD. (February 30, 1975): "You can't write a press release as pathetic as that, Gæg. I won't stand for it."

"Whatever you say, Scott."

"Everything in Indiana is as flat as--"

"Stand and deliver!" "Not on your--" "AAAHHHHH" "Let that be a warning to you all! You know that I have here two loaded guns-- I know.."

(Finsterburg, Potsdorf): "But your highness!" cried the Baron, "We have an army of only seventy-four men!"

"Oh, that is besides the issue, von Stürgle. I have been invited to a war and I am going to go. Mama would be so proud of me!" said the Prince.

"We can't go to war! No one has left Potsdorf in years! Who'll lead the army out of here?" argued the Baron.

"Hmmm, you do have something there, I'll have to think on that one," pondered Prince Johann. "I know! Send for the Royal Secretary, he'll know if there is anyone who's been outside of Potsdorf!"

Soon a little man with glasses that magnified his failing eyesight entered the room carrying arm-loads of paper. Told what his task was, he shuffled through his pile of papers until he found a yellow sheet, and in his high, squeaky voice proceeded to analyze it.

"Yes," he said, "there is a person in Potsdorf who has left the country recently. His name is Horst Schiet and during the Boer War he smuggled kumquats into Pretoria. Made a fortune that way and came back to Potsdorf to build his mansion, the Schiet House, in downtown Finsterburg. I would get in touch with the man, Your Highness."

\* \* \*

The next morning a very irate Horst Schiet stood before Prince Johann and Baron von Stürgle.

"You want me to do what!?" said Horst.

"We wish for you to lead the Potsdorf Army to the aid of Germany," said Prince Johann matter-of-factly.

"Listen, Mac, I don't know who you've been takin your pills from, but if you and that fat guy with the walrus mustache think I'm going to fight some ridiculous war, you're crazy!" bellowed Horst. Baron von Stürgle grumbled about the impudence of youth but Prince Johann simply pointed to the Royal Secretary (whose name was Klaus Schmidt, by the way).

"Ahem, Herr Schiet, it has come to the attention of His Majesty that you are presently wanted for smuggling kumquats into the Transvaal during the Boer War. Furthermore, unless you are made useful to the government immediately, you will be handed over to British authorities in Berlin who have been trying to extradite you since 1900."

"Hey, why should the limeys be so interested in getting a hold of me? All I did was smuggle kumquats!" questioned a bewildered Horst.

"Those kumquats were fed to British prisoners, Herr Schiet," said Schmidt, "and have you ever eaten a kumquat?"

"Just once, short stuff," sighed Horst, "Give me those papers, Prince. Better to be shot by the enemies of Potsdorf than hung by a mob of angry Englishmen."

\* \* \*

And so, out of Potsdorf the little army went to defeat the enemies of the Reich. Who knows where it'll lead them?

Only Horst Schiet knows -- 'cuz he's got the map!

((The above release should have been printed last issue, but was received the day of publication, and there was no space for it.))



Without any other introduction, I will make the following announcement: THE POCKET ARMENIAN is raising its prices to 8/\$2 and gamefee \$6.50.

Why? A number of reasons. Firstly, the Post Office, within the next few months, will no doubt be granted its rate increase. We MUST be prepared for this. Our old rates were barely break-even. We could survive on them as long as everything's price remained the same.

Secondly: our original commitment was to ten'twelve pages. At the beginning, we included many articles, etc. As the number of our games increased, we felt that it would be great if we could retain the same amount of reading material, without cutting anything. Thus the eighteen-page issues, like this one. In the future at least every other issue will be big, and probably three out of four. But these issues cost much more, not only in paper & ink, but also in postage and stencils.

We really regret having to do this to you, but I think that most of you have been satisfied with our quality. If the USPS were to raise its rates right now, and we didn't raise ours, we would lose an average of \$10-20 per issue. We must plan against this eventuality.

We hope you understand...

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ONLY ONE MORE GAME

We are now running six games. After we fill the next regular game, PA6, we are closing down our openings. Sorry, but we must stop somewhere, or else the games will overrun the rest of the time.

By the way, our circulation has begun to climb again. It is now up to 82!!.

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ONE LAST LETTER

ROD WALKER: ...Which leads me into a point that needs to be made. The real reason Conrad changed his mind was Ray's intransigent attitude toward other people in the hobby and his threats against other GMs.

His printed reasons relating to the IDA and TDA factions are a complete put-on. He made the statements he did in the hope of provoking a feud between those two groups. I am not guessing about this--Conrad himself told me exactly that. He has succeeded in provoking exactly that kind of feud, but between two slightly different groups of people.

I have said nothing about this until now because I figured it would all blow over. Perhaps it will anyway, but reading the pages of POUCH and MIXUMAXU (not to mention EREWHON, alas) suggest that it is not blowing over at all...

((The most puzzling thing about that is why in hell Conrad would want to provoke a feud. Perhaps because he is leaving the hobby and wants to take it with him. All I can say, is that if the present feud was caused by a whimsical and irresponsible remark, then perhaps we should forget about the feud and concentrate on helping some one or thing. But "this thing" will not "blow over" until people stop treating any "group" in the hobby, in this case NY or San Diego, as one organism. I am not the same as Bob Lipton, and Bob Lipton is not the same as Gil Neiger, and if Bob says something, it doesn't mean that we agree.))

\*\*\* EXPONENT: David Gladstein, 2475 W 16th St, B'klyn NY 11214  
 \*\*\* Subs are tan for \$1. Sub fee includes playing in as many games as you want! Definitely a good deal. As a matter of fact, one of the best deals around. Published by the Strategic Games Club of John Dewey High School.

\*\*\* As you may notice, the labels for this issue were done on computer printout. This was done solely to give Bob Lipton one more reason to say that I look & act like Nick Ulanov. The reason for that should be obvious: I really am Nick Ulanov; he uses this identity to keep the people at Princeton from knowing that he spends all his time here in New York. Anyhow, the labels are an experiment: if it works out right, you will probably be seeing them from now on.

\*\*\* Fortunately, the Christmas season is just about over. The mails should be returning to normal. I just want to point out to you people that, if/when your TPA arrives late, it's not my fault; and I have absolutely no control over how the USPS dallies occasionally.

\*\*\* THE POCKET ARMENIAN is now a full half-year old. Compared to many, even most, other zines, this is a short time; but I think we've done quite well, noting that we have not been late once, we have had no significant reproduction problems, no catastrophic GM errors (occasionally, GMs goof up so horribly that games are simply dropped), and, most importantly, no dissatisfied or disconcerted subscriber/players (I hope):

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT:\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

THE POCKET ARMENIAN  
 c/o Scott Rosenberg  
 182-31 Radnor Rd.  
 Jamaica, NY 11432



3 CLASS MAIL

Rod Walker  
 4069 Jackdaw St  
 San Diego CA  
 92103

\_\_\_ See page \_\_\_ for your game  
 \_\_\_ This is a trade solicitation  
 \_\_\_ This is a sample copy

MERRY HANUKAH, HAPPY CHRISTMAS, JOYOUS NEW YEAR TO ALL (AND SUNDRY)